

GONE ARE HAUNTS THAT MADE COLLEGE TRADITION

By TORREY FORD.

It wasn't many years ago that a well known name in the valve world was spending his spare moments launching broadsides at the American university. Among other things this man of industry said that the college student was drinking himself into unutterable disgrace, that 90 per cent. of the candidates for degrees belonged to the drinking classes and that the other 10 per cent. hung on the perilous brink of an undammed flood of spirituous liquors.

Perhaps we aren't quoting the identical words of his heinous charge, but that was the gist of his complaint. He stormed loudly and said that something ought to be done about it.

At the time the matter caused considerable excitement. The busy business man came in for a storm of personal criticism. Some ridiculed him openly and suggested that he was a mere notoriety seeker. Others chimed in with his views and intimated that he had omitted the proverbial mouthful. There were even mothers who immediately withdrew

their sons from college and made other plans for the sons in preparatory school.

A general panic was avoided only by clever maneuvering on the part of a few cool heads. In the last bitter moments of the controversy several strong arguments in rebuttal were advanced by the investigators. A Princeton man was discovered who didn't like the taste of beer. Three Harvard seniors, living in the same dormitory, testified that they wouldn't know how to build a Martini cocktail even with all the ingredients before them in marked bottles. A student in the Yale Sheffield School admitted that he had never heard of Bacardi rum.

This evidence was incontrovertible. Although it represented but a small minority of the current collegians it put a decided crimp in the wild generalities of the reformer. It gave the colleges a last leg to stand on. It supported them through the trying crisis.

Meanwhile the balance of the nation's university registration, the drinking masses, as they were being termed at the moment, sat back with a supercilious grin. "Well, what of it?" was the tone of their retort.

But that all happened—as we suggested in the opening stanza—a few years ago. Today the story is so different. The Volstead prohibition has flowed in and the liquor has flowed out. Gone are the best college drink-

Mory's, Heublein's and the Hofbrau Near Yale Linger Brightest in Memory Only, While Places in Boston Where Harvard Men Held Forth in Jollier Days (and Nights) Are Wholly Innocuous

ing traditions. Gone are the festive boards and the wassail bowls that cheered generation after generation of student revelry. Gone are the open bars and the openly friendly barkeeps. Gone, too, is the militant reformer with his hot words of rebellion.

High and dry on the shoal of forgotten glory there is left only an occasional relic or remnant of the historic inebriated past; a musty drinking song hissed limply by a sad eyed group in a quiet corner, a dust covered stein hanging on a forlorn hook, a battle scarred, rathskeller turned painfully into a modern quick lunch resort. It is of these relics and remnants of the colleges that we would deal.

Among the Big Three, Yale was customarily put down on the records as having the wettest college town. This classification was due more to the hardness and convenience of the drinking establishments than to any statistics on the amount of liquor consumed during the academic year. From classroom to the bar was a mere matter of seconds, depending on the speed of the entrant and his enthusiasm for the race.

Mory's, Heublein's, the Hofbrau—these are the names to conjure with. These are the names that gave Yale her drinking supremacy. Mixed in casually with the college buildings, they seemed for all the world to the visiting stranger part and parcel of the ancient and honorable Eli institution.

Did Professors Lose Way To Registrar's Office?

Probably after the first few weeks the average freshman learned to distinguish between the tap room at Heublein's and his medieval history section meeting room, but it is related that more than one absent minded professor mistook the bar at Mory's for the office of the university registrar.

Pick up any journal of Yale activities, from "Stover at Yale" to "The Cruise of the Kawa," and you will find Mory's saved for posterity, Heublein's identified with college life and the Hofbrau among those present.

In the novelized versions it is always at Mory's where the sub-freshman stands on the fringe of the crowd peering in to where the Captain of the Eleven sits at the Captain's personal table, served by the Captain's personal waiter. Around him sit his friends and cohorts, all typifying the gallant men who stand solidly behind Yale traditions. They pull at long pipes and emit large clouds of blue smoke—always blue smoke.

The awed sub-freshman, a recent graduate of the Brooklyn High School, watches the proceedings through the blue haze, only half daring to look. He inhales deeply of the tobacco smoke and chokes back the sobs as he tries to hope that God may grant that he, too, some day will sit at the Captain's table and carry on the Yale traditions.

It was at Mory's where big games were won and lost. It was there that the strategy of the gridiron campaign was planned, where the end around play was conceived and the tackle back rush evolved. Odds were made and the dope annihilated around the boards of Mory's tables.

The alien college man could never understand this airing of sacredly secret plans in a public cafe. But the alien college man didn't know Mory's, nor the half of it. Nothing that was ever whispered or intimated at Mory's went beyond the four walls of the establishment. It was another world.

Captain's Table at Mory's Is a Preserved Relic

This story, however, is not given credence in modern Yale circles. Mory denies it on bended knee. He points to the authentic Captain's table, rickety but still standing. He points to the Captain's locker, with the rusty padlock never tampered with by Harvard hands. Mory's denial of the outrage is as complete as Harvard's alleged possession.

Mory's was the rendezvous of the midnight bowl. The sophisticated sophomore, eyes weary with his struggles with the Greek verbs and the chemical formulas, tossed aside his books as the bells tolled the mystic hour and headed for Mory's. A "hump" and a mug of pale ale on the side was considered a great treat. So also was an onion sandwich washed down with some of Pilsner's best. Besides, he might run in a celebratory junior who had been in his cups since 9 P. M. or a somber senior who knew a thing or two about the spring selections.

It was there one met the men who really counted. Heublein's and the Hofbrau did more than accept the overflow from Mory's. They served Yale in their own particular way. They were less intimate in atmosphere than Mory's but often more riotous in revelry. An outsider could get into either one of them without showing identification papers or declaring allegiance to the Eli colors.

One could put on a "party" at Heublein's and not be too particular about who was invited or gather a gang and head for the Hofbrau. It was quite the thing to reserve a table for after the theatre at Heublein's. In the stress of a ravenous appetite it was all right to have food served along with the drinks at other places.

The Taft Hotel hadn't been built long enough to become one of the Yale traditions before the minion law turned the bar into a soda fountain and the grill into a fashionable *déjeuner*. But there was a side street place that served a Fish-house punch (after 11 P. M. pronounced "Fish-house pus-sh") that was endeared to the hearts of all alumni and visiting opponents. No matter what the score, the trip to New Haven was almost worth while for the bouquet of that Fish-house punch.

To-day, as any undergrad or football visitor can testify, things have changed. Mory's, Heublein's and the Hofbrau are just plain, sedate restaurants, serving food and more food. It's perfectly safe to take the family into any one of them. All signs of the riotous past have disappeared with a rush of unexplained virtue.

Mory's has made some attempt to keep

alive the old traditions. A captain's room has been fitted out with a gallery of photographs showing various former captains of the major sports leaning against the campus fence in regulation Yale fashion. To the casual observer there is some air of mystery about the captain's room, some secret design that only the initiated can penetrate. Actually, it is used for club and other meetings, parliamentary to the last rap of the gavel.

Table tops carved with initials of Yale heroes are used as wall panels throughout Mory's. Heffelfinger, "Dutch" Goebel, Wally Winter, Tom Shevlin, Hinkley, Ted Coy—men who gave Yale her greatest triumphs—cut their initials in the tables that Mory is preserving for posterity.

There are no more initials being carved to-day. The old enthusiasm has gone. The mystic atmosphere of the inner room even shrouded in the customary haze of blue smoke has lost its drawing power. The old spirit has vanished.

Crepe hangs on the door of Heublein's and more crepe at the Hofbrau. The dispenser of the Fish-house punch has boarded up his front. It was a losing fight. The contraband still flows in quiet corners, but it has ceased to become even an unofficial part of the university activities.

At Harvard the prohibition pronouncement didn't strike such a death dealing blow. Cambridge, in a manner of speaking, has been accustomed to prohibition for 10, these many years. More than a score of years ago Cambridge took advantage of a queer quirk in the law, called local option, and went dry. It has been "dry" ever since.

But let it not be thought that this arbitrary ruling on the part of the Cambridge council interfered with the traditions of a college that had been standing since 1636. While there was a bridge to Boston Harvard was safe. Every club had its bar and locker system. Every society had its keg of beer when occasion required. According to the old charter, granted by Colonial Massachusetts, Harvard territory was beyond the law. A police officer could set his foot on academic property only when armed with a writ of mandamus, a habeas corpus and a few other essentials of jurisprudence.

So for convivial gatherings in club house and dormitory Harvard had little to worry about. When a man was formally elected to a club he was presented with a stein along with the latch key, hat band and other credentials of membership. His name was engraved on the stein, his class and his number. He was given his hook in the steinroom that should be inviolable throughout the ages. The stein was a symbol of his union with the order, his identification in the years to come, his solace in infirmity.

There were any number of pretty little drinking traditions that Harvard might have admitted in confidence. When a man came to his majority he "set up" a keg for his fellows. There was nothing compulsory about it. It was just one of those things every Harvard man did without being told.

During the course of a long winter no occasion was too slight to be celebrated by a Beer Night. Even freshmen gave Beer Nights to the seniors, to the juniors, to themselves. The night before a game, the night after a game, the night after mid-years, the night before mid-years, any night in fact, could be painted red on the calendar simply by calling it a Beer Night.

For the less intimate celebrations, not a part of the regular curriculum, Boston was the scene of the revelry. Up until the winter of 1911 this entailed a forty minute ride on a crowded trolley car, with possibly a sea-going hack chartered for the return journey. Then came the subway, and Harvard Square found itself eight minutes from the Parker House bar. From that moment on Harvard began to know Boston, side streets and all.

Wasn't it Mark Twain who suggested that Harvard was conveniently located in the poolroom at the Adams House? And that

was long before the eight minute schedule had even been dreamed of by the transportation companies.

The Dutch room at the Touraine, the "English Tea" room at the Thorncliffe, the Georgian with its orchestra in the clamshell, the Essex, the Lenox, the American House, the Napoli, Brigham's (rechristened in later years), the Woodcock—none of them were as intimately bound up with Harvard life as the Yale resorts were, but each counted strongly on Harvard patronage. Whatever bright lights there were in Boston showed from these places.

Then came the Copley-Plaza and the new Harvard Club on Commonwealth avenue. Boston was just working itself up to a pitch where the dyed-in-the-wool New York Harvard man could go back and have a regular time when the Volstead blow came. And from the first Boston took the Eighteenth Amendment seriously. The Harvard Club bar became a soda fountain, with a young lady in attendance. The hotels followed along, conscientious to the last half of 1 per cent.

Boston Took Volstead Seriously From the First

Out in Cambridge Harvard accepted national prohibition because there was no way out of the situation. With the supply from Boston cut off the Beer Night had to be forgotten. Estimating roughly, there are probably a hundred thousand useless steins in Cambridge to-day. In some clubs they still keep up the ancient rite of passing out steins to new members purely for the sake of sentiment. But they are all in dead storage, waiting for the Volstead wave to pass on.

The old drinking songs haven't gone out of print, but new compositions are not being encouraged. The rendering of "Rhine Wine" or "Here's to Johnny Harvard, Fill Her Up a Full Glass," in public is frowned upon. It stirs old memories that are better left resting in peace.

Rammy's and John's, sandwich men of renowned Harvard fame, still do business in a mild sort of way. In the halcyon days they had a midnight trade that would have made a downtown rush hour lunch proprietor turn green with envy. No matter how late was the hour or how heavy were the seas the Crimson celebrator had to stop either at Rammy's or John's on the way home for a last sandwich. To-day they keep one light burning dimly throughout the evening and one sleepy eyed clerk on the job. It is enough to take care of the "rush." The old custom of "stopping off" is no more.

We have no intention of wringing the hearts of thousands of Princeton alumni by rehearsing the catalogue of Princeton's drinking traditions. In the first place, F. Scott Fitzgerald has done for Princeton what we could never hope to do. And, again, we know the New Jersey college town only in spots. We know a trail that leads from the station to the Palmer Stadium. We know the same trail in reverse. And then we have to think mighty hard to remember anything else that we know about Jungletown.

Nobody in Princeton Says: Have a Drink!

But Princeton had its high spots, its cubby holes and its Princeton Inn. We have heard rumors of Princeton's "parties" and we have read "This Side of Paradise." But personally, from the station to the Palmer Stadium, we have never been offered a Princeton drink. Still their traditions have probably been shattered as completely as those in New Haven and Cambridge.

And so now, when a reformer wants to make a drive at the colleges he eliminates consideration of the flowing bowl. Instead, he takes a shot at the elective system or the "amazing ignorance" of the average graduate. If it isn't one thing, as the prophets say, it's another.

Ramblin' 'Round

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

SHALL we go in or shan't we? It is a risk, of course. Have we a right to take chances of this sort? No, we think not. We have dependents. We must think of them. The worst that could happen to us would be death, while they, deprived of the vast income from our writings, would have to seek out the nearest poor-farm.

Yes, it would be selfish to die. We must think of the family and keep on living.

SHALL we go in? It would be fun to go in. We haven't seen a stabbing in months. And we love stabbings. Some day we are going to write a rousing knife play song (called "A Slice of Life," or something of the sort) that will include the stanza: And when brave Roderick lost his knife He wasn't a bit dismayed, For he knew that he could save his life By using his shoulder blade.

Shootings entertain us too. There'll be five or six in here before the evening is over. It seems a pity to miss them. Shots in the night always leave us enthralled. Gunplay is so prominent a part of American letters—perhaps American epistles would be a better phrase—that we suppose our corruption was accomplished that way. But whatever the cause, the effect is there, and we clamor for blood.

SHALL we go in? Yes! We'll take a chance after all. These nickel-dance places may be tough—but we are standing in front of one of them on Broadway, in case you don't know—but we are a brave man.

Well, here we are in the hallway. Aren't we in the wrong place? There are no gas lights here. A nickel-dance place should be lit by gas, it seems to us, as this gives an opportunity to talk of "the flickering flames that, as they were blown hither and thither by the wind that swept through the broken windows, cast shadows in all directions and gave gloomy forebodings of the tragedy that was to follow."

Electric lights, no matter how windproof, refuse to flicker. But these aren't even windproof. The windows we see are singularly intact—and they are closed. What a well-ordered hallway for a nickel-dance house! What an odd approach to a haven for roughnecks!

We shall have to make a correction. This isn't a hallway after all. A sign to our right reads, "NO LOITERING IN THE FOYER." So this is a foyer! Yes, it must be, for we can see a foyer escape.

Of all things! Are these roughnecks putting on airs or are we in the wrong place? And whoever heard of a foyer as a setting for a stabbing? Such things only happen in gaslit hallways.

Oh, well, maybe the dance hall is gaslit. That would help. We shall ascend the creaky stairs and investigate.

BUT not! The stairs aren't creaky. Perhaps we aren't treading hard enough. A little pounding may accomplish the desired result. No, these are obviously creakless stairs. Even a pachyderm couldn't make 'em creak. They are made of hard wood and are as solid as marble.

A creakless stairway in a nickel-dance foyer is a disappointment that we make no effort to hide, but if the stabbings and shootings come off, all will be forgiven.

Here we are in the dance hall. Not a gas jet in the place. Rose-colored electric lights instead. Can this be a nickel-dance joint or have we wandered into the Waldorf or the Ritz by mistake? Yes, this is a nickel-dance place, a lucky in evening dress assures us. Well, if the gangsters of New York aren't getting swell! Imagine that, if you will! Attendants in full dress at a jitney dance hall!

And look at that Louis XVI. reception room! Or is it Rudolph IV? We always get those Russian kings mixed.

Oh, well, what's the use of kicking? A shooting in a tasteful surroundings, we are reminded by the works of E. Phillips Oppenheim, can be interesting, too. Let the gangsters have their own way. And perhaps these luxurious furnishings are simply intended as an indication of what is to follow. The place is all dressed up to kill you see; and that, at least, is reassuring.

Where are the gangsters? The dress-kilted lackey tells us we are too early. The frequenters of nickel-dance halls, he points out, do not begin to drift in until 10 o'clock. It is only nine now. Would we care to have a seat? Yes, thank you. This, by the way, is as good a time as any to celebrate in song the stirring things that transpire in nickel-dance halls. Later, when the lights begin, we won't have a chance. Well, so long. We'll be with you as soon as we finish our roundelay.

A NICKEL A DANCE.

"You'll ruin the plumbing, sonny, put that pipe back in its socket!" "Mother, a piece of pipe is handy in a feller's pocket!" "You'll spoil the fireplace, sonny, if you take that brick away."

"Mother, there's comfort in a brick, I fear I can't obey."

"Sonny, I need that carving knife, don't put it in your coat."

"Oh, mother, I may need it soon, the prospect isn't remote."

"Oh, sonny, has the Government declared another war?"

"No, mother dear, they haven't, but I need these weapons, for—"

"I'm going to a dance in Nicky's Nicklette; the boys may fight a bit to-night, and I am getting set."

"Now, don't you worry, ma, I'll bring the hardware back as good as new at one or two."

"So long! Your loving Jack."

"Oh, don't the girls feel badly when you fight around like that?"

"Mother, they sit around and yawn until we start a spat."

"There's other ways of entertaining maidens, I believe."

"Oh, mother, when the boys don't fight the girls begin to grieve."

"This can't go on forever, lad, there may be damage done."

"A bloody nose? Well, what of that? The ladies think it fun!"

"Oh, put those weapons down, my boy, before it is too late!"

"Oh, mother dear, concerning that I humbly beg to state."

"I'm going to a dance in Nicky's Nicklette," etc.

Well, well, here come the boys now. Why aren't they wearing sweaters? And where are their caps? And why aren't these girls boisterous? Surely these can't be Belles of the Bowery! They look more like Fifth Avenue.

Ha! A hopeful sign at last. That fellow over there has a bulging hip pocket. We wonder what kind of revolver he's carrying? From where we stand, it looks like a pretty capable affair—44 calibre at least. And that's a likely looking dagger he's carving his finger nails with—22 calibre, as it were, if not more. This gentleman is evidently the town cutup. We shall have to keep our eye on him. He ought to do some interesting things before the evening is over.

That's a lively fox trot, if we ever heard one. We shall have to dance, that's all there's to it. But with whom? All the girls seem to be dancing. Ha! here is a girl who isn't. We shall ask her. "May I?"—but that is all she will let us tell her. "We will have to be introduced by Mrs. de la Chapelle, before we can dance. If required," she is saying.

Well, of all things! If these nickel-dance places aren't swell we'll eat a block of granite.

Well, that's over with—the introduction. The chaplain, a charming middle aged woman, has just performed the ceremony.

It feels good to be dancing. But where are all the gangsters? Oh, well, it's only 11 o'clock, a busy hour for any hardworking member of the porch-climbing profession. Let's give 'em a chance. They'll drift in later.

Our partner is a good sport. We have stepped on her shins four times and she hasn't called her name. Gosh, that makes it five! It is bad business—stepping on people's toes. But we find consolation in the thought that this makes us a toe-dancer.

There is the gentleman with the bulging hip pocket. When will he begin to shoot?

He is dancing toward us. Gosh, he's coming nearer and nearer. We'd better set out of his way. Darn it, we're too late. A collision! But we need not run. The gentleman is not going to shoot us. He is apologizing!

"You'd better not let me bump into any more people," observes our partner, who is inclined to be stout, "or some one will cry. Get the number of that truck!" The lady hath wit.

We are dancing with another girl. Just as we are about to ask her where the gangsters are, she asks our opinion on "The Outlines of History."

When she has that, she asks whether we don't think Moncken made a mistake in calling Dante an overrated figure. We don't know anything about his figure, we venture, but we don't think his work is overrated. In fact, we volunteer the opinion that the "Inferno" is a h-l of a fine poem, if we may make a wretched pun, as Chris Morley would say.

We are beginning to think that this nickel-dance joint is a highbrow hangout. Literary conversation and no murders. Not even an assault.

Disappointed, we gather up our hat and coat and prepare to leave. As we depart a man who brushes our sleeve as he passes, says, "Excuse me," and bows. We'd like to kick him. We picked out a fine place for excitement!

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